

FLOOEY and AXEL—Ah! We See What He Was Running From

By Vic



LARRY LOVELORN—And, Besides, "Garden Hose" Is Measured by the "Yard"—Isn't It?

By Callahan



MARRIED LIFE—No, We Wouldn't Care to Be "In Uncle Bill's Shoes!"

By E. McBride



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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JARR'S COURT-MARTIAL HAS A FLYING START

It had been decided to try Mr. Jarr on what was vaguely known as "charges" first and dance afterward, and there was a perfect crush at the Jarr apartments.

Mrs. Jarr had bought four new dance records for the phonograph, the rugs were up, paper flags ornamented the place, and all in all it was a very gala occasion indeed.

Miss Irene Cockleberry had come over from Philadelphia to dance with her fiancé, Capt. Herbert Tynnefoyle; old Mr. Smith had new tips on his dancing crutches, Clara Mudridge-Smith had a new tango dress, Mrs. Snapper had a new one also. Mrs. Jarr had a hastily remodelled one, she explained to any lady of her acquaintance, and that short, Mrs. Jarr, "been so rushed" in the preparations for the court-martial tango that she positively had had no time to go to her modiste.

Capt. Herbert Tynnefoyle wore his dress uniform and all his medals, including the one awarded him for sitting up late. In short, Mrs. Jarr, beauty and chivalry were all on dit, as Mrs. Snapper gushingly told Mrs. Jarr.

Mrs. Mudridge-Smith was of the opinion that the night marked an epoch. After this, Clara Mudridge-Smith said, starchy husbands might be court-martialed, as well as wicked ones.

But Mrs. Jarr said that had as Mr. Jarr might be, he had never been stung. He always brought his salary home intact. Of course, it was such a small salary that it might seem Mr. Jarr was stingy when he handed it over to his wife; but if so that had "been on Mrs. Jarr's back" was it?

whom he had picked as his counsel for the defense.

"The first evidence," Capt. Tynnefoyle went on, "is in this letter from the young lady Mr. Jarr escorted from Evansville to Chicago. It states that Mr. Jarr is 'leery of the jail!'"

A murmur arose on all sides. Nobody knew what the charges implied, but it was the general opinion that Mr. Jarr was very brassy to give a dance when such things, nobody knowing what was meant, were said against him.

"What testimony is offered in rebuttal?" asked Capt. Tynnefoyle.

"What evidence is offered to be rebutted?" asked Mr. Rangie, military counsel for Mr. Jarr.

"Any witnesses for the defense?" inquired Capt. Tynnefoyle, ignoring Mr. Rangie.

"I think I hear him now," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I telephoned him at the office of the Hogenheimer Theatrical Syndicate and found he was in the city and left word for him to come up to-night."

"Who is this witness?" asked Capt. Tynnefoyle, and all the curious persons present leaned eagerly forward.

"Mr. Harold Dogstony, the famous publicity promoter," replied Mr. Jarr. "He travelled with me and the fat young lady from Evansville to Chicago and knows my conduct was impeccable."

"But are you sure he will be here?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'll believe anything he says, but nothing that he has printed."

"He'll be here, all right," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I left word that it was a dinner invitation. All I am afraid is that he will bring the entire office staff of the Hogenheimer Theatrical Syndicate, or rather that he won't be able to prevent them coming. It's been a bad season."

"Ah, here he comes now!" said Mr. Rangie, in approved dramatic style. And sure enough Mr. Dogstony entered.

He greeted Mrs. Jarr effusively, and remarked he hoped he hadn't delayed dinner by being late.

PA'S DIARY

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PA IS HIT BY ART IN A VITAL SPOT.

HERE bein' so many other things happenin' around home to take up my mind I ain't had no room until now to write down how the soap sales is goin' in the New England territory.

That "tango instruction" book premium was jumpin' sales up somethin' marvelous, and I thought I'd put one over on Nat Budder at last. But now I don't know. There's one thing them thrifty New Englanders is keener over than the new dancin', and that's money, and it looks like young Budder had cut my little from under me. He's started advertisin' that there's been a five-dollar gold piece put in every thousandth cake of soap sold in New England, and that he's called back all the soap distributed to the dealers before now and has swapped the new cakes for it. Nothin' ain't started yet, but I'm afeared to get the next report from Huntington, our N. E. territory sales manager. It looks like I'd have to work up a new scheme to get the best of Budder.

As if that wasn't enough to plague me, Ma handed me another jolt to-night. I bought that \$300,000 Long Island summer estate furnished and was chucklin' to myself over what a savin' it was.

But Ma and Clarice was down there again to-day, and Ma says to me after dinner to-night:

"We'll have to refurnish that house, Dan'l. The furnishings there are hopeless. Such wretched taste. All the furniture was selected with a

plebeian idea of comfort and with a total disregard for artistic selection.

"Well," I says, "don't we want it comfortable?"

"No, indeed," says Ma. "Everybody knows comfort and art don't mix—and we must have art to preserve our social prestige."

"And what is it goin' to cost me to preserve our social prestige?" I says.

"Oh," says Ma, "I guess we can manage it for maybe \$30,000 or \$40,000."

"Ma," I says, "there's another place art don't snore alongside of comfort."

"Where's that?" she says.

"In the old man's pocketbook," I says.

"Dan'l," says Ma, "there are times when I'm certain you don't appreciate the sacrifices Clarice and I are makin' to assure our social elevation."

"Sacrifices!" I says. "It's me that has to sign the checks, not you. What sacrifices do you make?"

"Why," says Ma, "do you imagine we take this great burden of worry on our shoulders and spend sleepless nights planning our social campaign because we enjoy it? Do you suppose we keep late hours and menace our health because doing it gives us pleasure?"

"Then what do you do it for?" I says. "What good is a lot of money

PLI BETCHA!

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By Sass

Physician's Advice For Thin, Underdeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak muscles and feeble bones, having tried advertised diet-makers, food-fads, physical culture plans and rub-on creams, resign themselves to life-long thinness and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recent discovery of the cause of force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of nutrient elements and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called **WARR**. It is strength giving, fat-producing and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient. A month's systematic use of **WARR** should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats in the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fact that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply **WARR** and give there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitality builder, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to eat of food.

HEY CHUB I'LL TELL YA! PRAPS HE AINT THAT KIND OF DOG.

HEY CM HERE LAURA!

WARR! WARR!

HERE YAR WATCH ME! CM HERE PRINCE! HERE REX HERE WOLFIE

HERE MAC HI LADDIE! HEY GYP GYP! HERE CM HERE JEFF!

ILL BETCHA I CM MAKE FRIENDS WITH ANY DAWG THER IS!

ILL BETCHA!

STOLID INDIFFERENCE.

TOTAL DEAFNESS.